

KIRKPATRICK

The Heroes of Battle Rock.

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The Heroes of Battle Rock,

OR

The Miners' Reward.

A Short Story of Thrilling Interest.

How a Small Canon Done its Work.

Port Orford, Oregon, the Scene of the Great Tragedy.

A Desperate Encounter of Nine White Men with Three
Hundred Indians. Miraculous Escape After
Untold Hardships.

HISTORICALLY TRUE.

Savages Subdued and Rich Gold Mines Discovered.

EDITED BY ORVIL DODGE.

January, 1904.

The Hero of Battle Rock.

"I was working in Portland, Oregon, at the carpenter trade along in the latter part of May, 1851, when a friend by the name of Palmer, introduced me to Capt. Wm. Tichenor, who was at that time running an old steam propeller called the Sea Gull, between Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, California. Before introducing me to Capt. Tichenor, my friend told me that the Capt. wanted eight or ten men to go down on the steamer with him to a place called Port Orford on the southwest coast of Oregon, where he intended to make a settlement, lay out a town, and build a road into the gold diggings in Southern Oregon and that all who went down with him should have a share in the town he and his partners were going to build. His partners were Mr. Hubbard, purser on the Sea Gull, and the Hon. Butler King, then chief in the Custom House in San Francisco. After I made the acquaintance of Captain Tichenor he painted the whole enterprise in such glowing colors that I was really infatuated with the prospect. He told me that there was not a particle of danger from the Indians, that he had been ashore among them many times and they were perfectly friendly, so I went to work to hunt up a party to go down with us on the Sea Gull.

I gathered together eight young men who were willing to go down on the trip. Their names were J. H. Eagan, John T. Slater, George Ridoubs, T. D. Palmer, Joseph Hussey, Cyrus W. Hedden, James Carigan, Erastus Summers and myself, making nine in all. Captain Tichenor agreed to furnish us arms, ammunition and supplies, and take us down on his steamer. He told us all to get ready to go as he would sail from Portland on the 4th of June, 1851.

We were ready and sailed from Portland on time. On the 5th we arrived in Astoria. I had been selected by the party as the captain of the expedition so I went to Captain Tiche-

nor and told him I wanted to see the arms he was going to furnish us to defend ourselves with in case we had to fight. "Oh," he said, "there is no danger from the Indians." We then told him that we would go no further unless he furnished us with arms to defend ourselves. He then went ashore, and bought, at a junk shop, three old flint lock muskets, one old sword that was half eaten with rust and a few pounds of lead and three or four pounds of powder. We told him that he had certainly brought us a hard looking outfit of arms to fight Indians with. "You will never need them," said he, "but having them will make you look dangerous anyway." Just then a young officer from Fort George stepped up to me and told me he had a very good United States rifle he would let me have at cost, viz: \$20. I went ashore with him and bought the rifle and also some ammunition. It proved to be a magnificent shooting gun. Our entire armament consisted now of one U. S. rifle, belonging to myself, one six shooting rifle belonging to Carigan, three old flint lock muskets, one old sword, one fine shooting revolver 38 cal., one pair of deringers loaned to me by a friend in Portland for the trip, about five pounds of rifle powder and ten pounds of bar lead. This constituted our entire outfit to defend ourselves with when we left Astoria on the evening of the 6th of June, 1851. On the morning of the 9th we were landed on the beach just below Battle Rock. There were a few Indians in sight who appeared friendly, but I could see that they did not like to have us there. I told Captain Tichenor that I did not like the looks of things at all and those Indians meant mischief. There was one thing more that we wanted and that was the old cannon Captain Tichenor had on board the Sea Gull. He laughed at us at first for wanting it, but when we told him we would not stay without it he studied a little bit and then said all right he would send it ashore. He sent his mate with one of my men, Eagan, who was an old man-of-wars man, back to the steamer for the gun. They soon returned bringing the cannon and copper magazine that contained three or four cartridges each holding two pounds of powder. As soon as the cannon arrived the Captain bid us good bye and left for San Francisco, saying he would return in fourteen days and bring a better supply of arms and more men to aid him in his enterprise. After he left we lost no time in making our camp on what was to be called Battle Rock

as long as Oregon has a history. We hauled the old cannon to the top of the rock and placed it so as to command the narrow ridge where the Indians would have to crowd together before they could get to the top of the rock where we were camped.

About half way up to the top of the rock there was a bench of nearly level ground about thirty feet wide, from that to the top of the rock the ridge was quite narrow. After getting the gun in place, Eagan and I went to work to load it and get ready for the fight that I felt was coming. We put in a two pound sack of powder and on top of that about half of an old cotton shirt and then on top of that as much bar lead cut up in pieces of from one to two inches in length as I could hold in my two hands, then a couple of old newspapers on top. We then primed the gun with some fine rifle powder and trained it so as to rake the narrow ridge in front of the muzzle and the gun was ready for business. We cleaned up all our other arms and loaded them ready for use. Just as soon as the Indians saw the steamer going away without us they appeared very cross and ordered us away, making signs to us that they would kill us if we did not go. Then they left for their camps down the beach. On the morning of the 10th they were back again in larger numbers and shooting arrows at us from too great a distance to do us any damage. About 9 o'clock a large canoe, containing twelve warriors, came up the coast from the direction of the mouth of Rogue River. Among them was one tall fellow wearing a red shirt who seemed to be their leader. As soon as the canoe touched the sand they all jumped out and carried it out on the beach. The fellow in the red shirt drew a long knife, waved it over his head, gave a terrible yell and, with at least one hundred of his braves, started for us with a rush. I stood by the gun holding a piece of tarred rope with one end in the fire ready, as soon as the Indians crowded on the narrow ridge in front of the cannon to let them have the contents when it would do the most execution. The air was full of arrows coming from at least a hundred bows. James Carigan had picked up a pine board about 15 inches wide, 8 feet long and 1.3 inches in thickness. He stood right behind me and held the board in front of us both. Thirty-seven arrows hit the board and at least half of them showed the points through it. Two of my men were disabled. Palmer was shot through the neck and was bleed-

ing badly; Ridoubt was shot in the breast, the arrow sticking into the breast bone, making a painful wound, and Slater ran and laid down in a hole behind the tent. This left six of us to fight it out with the Indians who still kept coming. When they were crowded on the narrow ridge, the red shirted fellow in the lead and not more than eight feet from the muzzle of the gun, I applied the fiery end of the rope to the priming. The execution was fearful, at least twelve or thirteen men were killed outright and such a tumbling of scared Indians I never saw before or since. The gun was upset by the recoil; but we never stopped for that but rushed out to them and soon cleared the rock of all the live warriors. We counted seventeen dead Indians on the rock and this was the bloody baptism that gave the name of Battle Rock to our old camp at Port Orford on the 10th day of June, 1851.

Some incidents that occurred during the battle are worth relating. There were two warriors who passed the crowd and were not hit by any of the slugs of lead fired from the cannon. One of these, a big strong looking Indian, made up his mind that he wanted my scalp; as soon as the cannon was fired he rushed to me with a big knife. Carigan shot him in the shoulder and Summers shot him through the bowels and still he came on. He made a lick at me with his knife, which I knocked out his hand with my left, when he grabbed for his knife I pulled one of the deringers from my pocket and shot him in the head, the ball going in at one temple and out at the other. He turned then and ran twenty feet and fell dead among the Indians that were killed by the cannon. The other Indian went for Eagan whose musket missed fire, as the Indian was in the act of fixing an arrow in his bow, when Eagan hit him over the head with the barrel of his musket bending it more than six inches. The blow stunned the Indian and as quick as lightning Eagan jumped at him and took his bow away, he then jumped back and turned his musket and gave him three or four blows with the butt knocking him entirely off the rock into the ocean.

After the fight was all over probably an hour, an Indian chief came up the beach within hailing distance and laid down his bow, quiver of arrows and knife and then stepped forward and made signs that he wanted to come to our camp. I went down to the beach and met him and brought

him up to the camp. He was by all odds the finest specimen of physical manhood that I ever looked at. He made signs to us that he wanted to carry away the dead Indians. I made him understand that he could bring another Indian to help him. He called out for one more to come up to the camp. They would take the dead ones on their back, pack them down from where they lay, across the narrow sandy beach and up a steep trail toward the north and over a ridge and out of sight. They did this eight times, and where they laid the dead was over three hundred yards from our camp. Some of the Indians were quite large, several of them weighing over two hundred pounds. As a feat of strength and endurance it was simply wonderful. They carried away all the dead except the fellow who wore the red shirt. I tried to get the big chief to carry him off but he shook his head and stooped down and tore his shirt in two and then gave him a kick with his foot and turned and walked away. We had to drag the fellow afterwards and bury him in the sand. We all remarked that he was very white for an Indian, he had yellow hair and a freckled face. I pronounced him to be a white man. He turned out to be a white man who had been among the Indians for many years, they having saved him from the wreck of a Russian ship that was lost on the Oregon coast many years ago.

Another incident of our day's battle was this: After the Indian chief and his man had carried away all of the dead warriors we went to work to make a breastwork on each side of our gun, this was to make it a little more difficult for the Indians to get into our camp, I was standing outside on the narrow ridge in front of our gun watching some Indians who were about three hundred yards away. I was leaning on my rifle when Joe. Hussey came out of the camp and laid his right hand on my left shoulder, I turned my head to see what he wanted when spat a bullet hit his thumb cutting it about half off. This was the first rifle shot we had heard from the Indians since the fight began. The Indian with the gun had crawled down unnoticed by us, into a large pile of rocks about sixty yards away from where I stood when he shot. He was so sure that he had hit me that he jumped out from the rocks and showed himself; then it was my turn. I had a slug ball and five buck-shot in my rifle and in an instant I drew a bead on him and when my gun cracked he jumped three feet into the air and fell dead.

Eagan said, "I am going after his gun." I told him to hold on until I had loaded my rifle for, says I, "There may be other Indians in the rocks and I want to be ready." As soon as my gun was loaded he ran down and picked up the gun and seeing it was of no account he broke the stock and came back bringing the Indians head dress with him. It was made of sea shells of different colors and was quite pretty. He said the bullet from my rifle had broken his right arm and passed through his body and cut his left hand entirely off. He never knew what hurt him. This was the last Indian killed by us in our first day's battle. We could only count twenty Indians that we had killed; but years afterward we learned from the Indians that there were twenty-three killed.

In our talk with the big chief we made him understand that in fourteen days more the steamer would return and take us away and for fourteen days we were not molested by them, in fact we never saw an Indian; but on the morning of the 15th they were there in force, some three of four hundred of them in their war paint. They evidently meant business now as we had lied to them, the steamer did not arrive as we had promised them and we could not make them understand why the vessel did not come. Two or three hundred warriors were going through with a regular war dance on the beach and every time they would turn around so as to face us they would snap their bow strings at us and make signs that they would soon have our scalps. The big chief was now their leader. He had his warriors all drawn up around him about two hundred and fifty yards from us. He made a speech to them so loud that we could hear every word he said above the roar of the surf and he did some of the finest acting that I ever saw before or since. When he stopped talking he drew a long knife and waved it around his head, gave a terrible yell and started for us followed by not less than three hundred warriors. I had called to my side James Carrigan who was the best rifle shot of any of my men. I told him to take a good rest, draw his lungs full of air, keep cool and wait until they came near enough so as to be sure and kill the leader, for it was either the big chief or us who must go. When he got within about one hundred yards of us I raised my rifle to my shoulder and said, "Fire!" We both fired at the same time and down he dropped, we had both hit him in the breast and one of

our bullets had gone through his heart, killing him instantly. Had a hundred thunder bolts dropped among his warriors they could not have stopped them as suddenly as killing their big chief. They gathered around his body and with a groan that was terrible, picked him up and carried him away to the north out of sight. In about an hour another great tall fellow wearing an old red shirt, came up the beach and commenced calling the Indians around him. He soon collected a couple of hundred warriors about him and made a speech to them about five minutes in length. We could see by his frantic gestures and talk that he was urging the Indians to rush on us and wipe us out. When he stopped talking he waved his big knife over his head and started for us, pointing his knife at us and motioning that our heads must be cut off. We were ready for him and when he came close to where the other chief was killed, we fired and he dropped dead. This ended all efforts on the part of their chiefs to induce the Indians to rush on us. They had had enough of that kind of business. They drew back to the edge of the woods, about three hundred yards away from our camp, and had a big talk, after which they commenced going down the beach to a place a little over a mile from our camp, where there were a number of fires burning. We could see a number of canoes loaded with Indians coming up from the direction of the mouth of Rogue River and landing near these fires. They were evidently concentrating their forces for a night attack on us. We had now taken note of our situation. We were surrounded on one side by thousands of miles of water and on the other side by at least four or five hundred hostile Indians and one hundred and fifty miles or more from any settlement of white men. We had also taken stock of our ammunition and had little left. About six loads apiece for our rifles. Something had to be done and that before night, for if they made a night attack on us we could not possibly stand them off, so I told the boys that if we could gain the woods and they would stand by me I would take them all through to the settlements. We made up our minds that it was the only chance to save our scalps. We were still watched by ten or twelve Indians not more than two hundred yards away. To get rid of those fellows so that we could gain the woods was the next question we had to solve. "Now," said I, "If they contemplate a night attack on us we

must convince those fellows on watch that we have no notion of going away." We all went to work as hard as we could to strengthen our breastwork. We cut down one of the pine trees that grew on Battle Rock, cut off the limbs and piled them on top of our breastworks. As soon as the Indians, who were on watch, saw what we were doing they were sure we were determined to stay. They then started down the beach to join the others. We counted them as they got up out of the grass, and there were one hundred and fourteen. I will say that I never, in all my experience with Indians before or since, saw as fine a body of warriors as those. We were now pretty sure that they had all left, but Eagan climbed up to the top of one of the trees and looked in every direction but could see no sign of any Indians except down the beach where they were having a grand war dance. Now was our chance. We left everything we had in camp; our two tents, our blankets and what little provisions we had, and with nothing but our guns and an ax and all the small ropes we had, with two or three sea biscuits apiece, we bid farewell to our old camp on Battle Rock, and started on our fearful retreat through an unknown country. It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We had determined to keep as near the beach as possible. We travelled with all our might to get as far as we could before night overtook us. When we were about three miles from Port Orford just as we were going around a point of rocks on an old trail, we met about thirty Indian warriors fully armed, going down to join the others. We raised a yell and charged right at them. We never fired a shot, but they ran like scared wolves. We kept right on and just between sunset and dark we came to quite a river and, as good luck would have it, we struck this stream just at the turn of the tide so that by wading out on the bar a little way we were able to get across without any trouble. Fifteen minutes later we would have had to build a raft to cross on. This stream was not down on any map that I had ever seen at that time. I think it is now called Elk River. After crossing this stream we struck into the woods and travelled all night, guiding our steps by the roar of the surf breaking on the rocks. There was no time to lose. We knew that the Indians would follow us so we traveled on as hard as we could, wading streams of water, some of considerable size, and making our way through a dense growth of

timber and brush. About 3 o'clock the next day we came to the edge of what seemed to us a large plain. It looked to be miles in extent and was covered with a heavy growth of high grass and proved to be an immense swamp.

We now determined to try and cross this swamp and reach the sea after dark and travel all night. We floundered around in this swamp all night, sometimes in water up to our armpits, until after dark when we found a little island of about an acre of dry land and covered with a thick growth of small fir bushes. Here we laid down and tried to rest and sleep but encountered a new enemy in the shape of clouds of mosquitoes. There was no escape from them and they were the hungriest lot that I had ever seen. In the morning, as soon as it was light enough for us to see our way out, we struck for the beach again and in about an hour we reached an Indian trail fully twenty feet wide where hundreds of Indians had gone. They were now ahead of us. We followed on their trail a few miles when we came to a stream of water about four rods wide and two feet deep. Here the trail turned up this stream and left the beach. We at once came to the conclusion that the Indians had followed us that far the first night and when daylight came they had found that we had not traveled on the beach, so they struck up this stream, thinking of intercepting us when we reached this stream on our way. We crossed on the beach and were now ahead of the Indians. We now put in our best time traveling as hard as we could. About five o'clock we reached the mouth of the Coquille River where we were confronted by a large stream of water and on the opposite side of the river were three or four hundred Indians all drawn up in line of battle ready to prevent our crossing. They were making signs that they would kill us if we attempted to cross, so there was now no alternative but to keep up on the south side of the river and do our best to prevent coming into collision with these Indians that were so numerous and hostile. We now came to the conclusion that we had better try and cross the mountains and strike the wagon road that led from the settlements in Oregon down to California. About three or four miles from the mouth of the Coquille River, on the south side, rises quite a high mountain, so we determined to go to the top of this mountain in order to study the surrounding country. Three or four hundred Indians kept right opposite watching us, with

nothing but the river between them and us. Just as we reached the foot of this mountain the Indians stopped a few minutes and divided their forces. One party of over one hundred turned off to the left and ran up a short ravine toward the north. They soon disappeared over a low pass to the left and went back toward their village at the mouth of the river. Their object was to get their canoes, cross the river, overtake us and kill or capture us. When we had ascended this mountain some distance we could see the Indians crossing the river in their canoes. We hurried on as fast as we could travel and between sun down and dark we reached the top of the mountain, tired, hungry and nearly worn out. Here we determined to rest and get some sleep. We worked our way into the thicket of brush where we found a kind of sink hole, about twenty feet in diameter and about three feet deep, covered on the bottom with a rank growth of grass with thick brush all around it. Here we all laid down and were soon fast asleep. Just as soon as it began to be light in the morning, notwithstanding there was a thick fog, we were up and off, traveling in a north-easterly direction as hard as we could. In about an hour we struck the river again at a point where the timber came down close to the water. We found a lot of dry drift wood and soon made a raft large enough to carry the three men who could not swim and our guns and the ballance of us swimming and pushing the raft ahead of us. The river at this point was about two hundred yards wide. When we reached the opposite bank and landed we supposed that we had crossed the river but we had only landed on an island and did not know it until we had taken all our ropes off of the raft and let the logs go. We had not gone more than three hundred yards when, to our consternation, we discovered that we had another branch of the river to cross nearly as wide as the one we had crossed. There was not a stick of timber on the island to make a raft out of, and as the fog was beginning to break away, there was no time to lose, so one of the men, George Ridoubt, volunteered to swim across with the ax and cut off a dry pine tree that projected out over the water towards us. Our intention was to get the three men, who could not swim, on to the tree, let them hold our guns and the balance of us swim along and guide the tree. Just as the tree fell into the water three Indians came around the bend in a canoe. They were busy watching the

man that was chopping and did not see us until they were close to us. We hailed them and made signs that we wanted them to land and take us over the river to where Ridoubt was.

This they refused to do, but when they saw three or four rifles leveled on them they concluded to come to where we were. We all piled into the canoe and they landed us on the main land just as the sun broke through the fog. We did not tarry long till we were on our weary tramp again. We were now very weak, not having eaten anything for three nights and four days. We saw plenty of game, but did not dare to fire a shot, for it would have brought at least three hundred Indians on to us in ten minutes, and they would have made short work of us. The men who were with me had no knowledge of woodcraft and but little of Indian warfare. They were on an average as brave a company of men as the same number that could be found. There was not one among them who could have taken the lead and kept a course without running around in a circle. When I found this out I saw that their lives as well as my own depended on my keeping in the lead. I had a good knowledge of woodcraft and could take a course and keep it as long as it was necessary. I had also some little knowledge of the cunning and trickery of the Indians, having crossed the Rocky Mountains in company with Kit Carson; and I will here say that of all the men that I ever came in contact with or associated with Christopher Carson knew all the tricks and cunning of the Indians better than any man I ever saw. I hope you will not think me egotistical when I say that I felt equal to the task of leading my party through to a place of safety. After crossing this branch of the river we struck out in a northwesterly direction, through the timber, intending, if we could, to reach the beach by night, and then travel as hard as we could all night if necessary. We traveled on through the thick heavy timber until it got so dark that we could not get along, so we all laid down by the side of a big log and slept until daylight. We then jumped up and were off in the same direction we had been traveling the day before. In about an hour we emerged from the timber and soon got down to the beach. We struck the sea at a point where a long reef of rocks extended quite a ways out into the ocean. These rocks, near the shore, were covered with mussels which we broke from

the rocks and commenced eating them raw. They soon made us sick, so we built up a fire and began roasting them and that made them much better. We were eating our first lot of roasted mussels when one of the Indians, who had crossed us over the north branch of the Coquille river the day before, came down to us. As soon as he got near to us, he commenced talking Jargon. He said he had seen me in Portland, that he had kept right behind us in the woods after we left the river, and that he was afraid to come to us in the woods believing we would kill him. He said that the Indians were coming up on the beach from the mouth of the Coquille, and we must hurry as fast as we could. Each one of us took all the live mussels we could carry, but did not stop to cook them as we intended to roast them when we got to a place of safety. We now struck up the beach as fast as we could go, the Indian in the lead. We traveled on until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the Indian called our attention to a white pole about eight inches in diameter and twenty feet high, standing in a great pile of rocks at the edge of the beach. When we passed this pole and monument, the Indian said we were now safe, as the California Siwashes would not dare to come above that pole, for the Coos Bay, Umpqua, Clickatats, and some other tribes he mentioned, would make war on them and drive them back. After resting a little while we traveled on for about two hours and, turning into a little cove, we built up a fire and roasted our mussels and ate them. We then took up our line of march and traveled till it was dark and then turned off to our right where we found some dry sand, in another little cove, and all laid down and slept until morning. As soon as it was daylight we were up and away. That afternoon we reached Coos Bay. The Indians met us more than a mile from their camp and brought us dried salmon, dried elk meat and salmon berries. They were extremely friendly and expressed themselves as being very glad that we had not been killed by the California Siwashes. We staid all night with these Indians who seemed to vie with each other in doing everything they could for us. In the morning they took us across the bay and landed us about where Empire City now stands. They told us that we would make the mouth of the Umpqua the next day. We bid our friends goodbye and struck across the sand hills and through swamps, where sometimes the water was three

or four feet deep. We floundered around in these sand hills and swamps until we were nearly tired out and struck for the beach again. About an hour before dark we reached the beach. The wind was blowing so hard from the west that it made it difficult and unpleasant to travel against, so we left the beach and sought shelter behind some sand hills that raise to more than a hundred feet above the sea. We found some dry pine logs near a thicket of brush and soon had a big fire going. Here we laid down and slept until morning, notwithstanding we were soaked with the mist that had been driven across the sand hills by the gale in the night. After we had dried ourselves a little by our fire we struck out for the beach. The gale had subsided and the beach, for more than one hundred yards in width and as far as we could see up and down the beach, was literally covered with fish that had been driven ashore the night before by the gale. "Luck at last," cried Eagan, "Here is fish enough for a feast for the Gods;" and each one of us picked up two apiece, weighing 5 or 6 pounds each, and back we went to our old camp where we had left a big bed of coals, where we roasted our fish, eating all we could of one and taking the rest with us. That afternoon we reached the mouth of the Umpqua River. The Indians on watch for us had notified the white men on the other side of the river that the white men, who had shot a keg of nails into the Indians at Port Orford, killing many of them, were on the other side of the river. We could see the white men launching their boats at what was called Umpqua City; at that time it consisted of one house built of sheet iron and one tent. In about an hour they had reached us and taken us aboard. Having a fair wind they hoisted sail and just as the sun was setting on the 2d day of July, 1851, we were landed and made welcome in white men's quarters, after having an experience that not soon would we forget. Never did a set of poor, weary, ragged, hungry white men receive a more royal welcome than we did at the hands of Dr. Joseph Drew and his associates at their camp at the mouth of the Umpqua River. We rested there one day and on the morning of the 4th they took us in their boats and, having sailed up the river, they left us at another new town called Scotsburg. Here we landed about 1 o'clock and after I had eaten some dinner I bade farewell to my comrades and struck out for Portland. The rest were so worn out and footsore that they were com-

pelled to lay by and rest. I traveled as hard as I could and on the night of the fourth I stayed with a man whose name was Wells. I left his house before daylight and, after a hard day's tramp, I reached the hospitable house of the grand old pioneer Jesse Applegate. He had just received his mail from Portland and was busy reading the account of our fight with the Indians. The conclusion drawn from the account was that we were killed and burned up. I did not interrupt him until he got through reading his paper. I then asked him if I could get some supper and a place to stay all night. "I can give you some supper but all my beds and blankets are in use," he said. I told him I was quite hungry and it made very little difference with me whether I had a bed or not as I had been sleeping for some time without a bed or blanket. He then commenced talking about those unfortunate young men that had been lured into the jaws of death by misrepresentation. "Why," said he, "those Indians down the coast, combined with their brothers, the Rough River Indians, are the worst Indians on the American continent, and the bravest. Every old settler in Oregon knows that. The man or company that persuaded them to go down with the view of making a settlement at Port Orford was guilty of a great wrong." "Well," said I, "Mr. Applegate, I am happy to inform you that the men were not murdered but escaped, and eight of them I left at Scotsburg yesterday and I am the ninth." I told him my name and then I gave him an account of our retreat and his remark was, after I got through, "Wonderful, wonderful."

Here I must make an explanation. I had written a full account of our first battle with the Indians on Battle Rock and also an account of our last battle, fifteen days afterward, and closed the account with these words, "We are now surrounded by three or four hundred Indians hungry for our scalps, on one side; by thousands of miles of water on the other; and at least 150 miles from any white man's house. We have but little grub and are nearly out of ammunition and if the Indians should make a night attack and rush on us we certainly could not defend ourselves against so many." This paper I folded up and placed in the back of an old book, went to the stump of the pine tree that we had just cut down, and buried the book in a hole about a foot deep, then scraped off the bark on one side of the stump,

just over where the book was, and wrote with a piece of red chalk these two words, "Look beneath."

When the steamer *Sea Gull* reached San Francisco, after leaving us at Port Orford, she was embargoed for debt and tied up, so it was impossible for Captain Tichenor to return in fourteen days as he had promised. Col. John B. Ferguson, then U. S. mail agent for California and Oregon, and a friend of mine, learning from Captain Tichenor that he was tied up for debt and could not return on time, and knowing much more about the Indians on the coast than the captain did, went to the captain of the steamer *Columbia* and dispatched him one day before her regular sailing time, with strict orders to call at Port Orford and take us back to Portland. The steamer stopped at Port Orford the day after we left Battle Rock. The captain and a number of passengers went ashore and found the body of the fellow in the red shirt that we had killed in the first fight and buried in the sand, but the tide had washed him out and he was then as white as could be. They made sure that it was one of us when they went up on the rock where everything showed evidence of a fight. In looking around their attention was called to the words written on the stump and they soon dug up the book and after reading it they were sure that the Indians had wiped us out. As no Indians were to be seen, they concluded to search a little further for more evidence of our fate. They finally found where the big fire had been built and in some of the ashes they found some human teeth and some charred pieces of human bones. This ended their search as they were now sure that we had been killed and burned. What they really found was where the Indians had burned their dead after the first battle with us. They then returned to the steamer in the full belief that we had all been killed and burned, all but the body they found on the beach.

The steamer sailed at once with the account of our trouble up to the time we left Battle Rock. This was published in the *Oregonian* as soon as possible, and this was the account that Applegate was reading when I reached his house. Nearly all my friends in Portland and all over Oregon really believed that it was all up with me and all my party. Not so with the old mountaineers, Joe Meek, Otway and Wilks. They all said that we would turn up all right yet, and when I reached Portland with the news that my party was all safe they were as happy as men could be. I reached my old

quarters in Portland on the 11th day of July, 1851, strong and rugged, having had enough of adventure to do me for one time.

As to my comrades on this expedition, I never saw but two of them afterwards. Eagan settled in Portland, married, raised a family. Palmer settled in Salem, had a saloon and was quite well fixed. These two men I saw quite often. In 1866 Slater was killed by Indians, on Rogue River. In 1855 Cy. Hedden joined a company under Colonel TVault and tried to reach Port Orford by land. TVault's party consisted of ten or twelve men and when they reached the Coquille River, Hedden pointed out our trail to TVault and told him he was on dangerous ground and must be cautious. He paid no attention to Hedden's warning, but went into camp on a grassy plat not far from where we crossed the river. In the night the Indians surprised his camp, killing the most of his men. Hedden escaped with a man by the name of Williams, who had been wounded with an arrow, and when the shaft was pulled out the head was left in his body. Hedden and Williams finally reached Scotsburg where Williams suffered for months but the arrow point finally worked itself out. Hedden stayed and waited on him until he got well.

When I look back over this whole affair I think you will agree with me that, take it all in all, the history of the Port Orford expedition is worthy of a place in the history of the early settlements. As to our fight, considering our inexperience and the arms we had, we certainly did well. There is no other battle in Indian warfare that I know of, that equals it, except that most glorious defense Mrs. Harris made in 1855 on Rogue River in defending her house and home containing the dead body of her husband and her living child, when for more than ten hours she, all alone, stood off at least one hundred of the bravest Indians that ever lifted a white man's scalp, killing, according to the Indians' own statement, fifteen. To this little woman we must all give the praise of making the grandest fight, against fearful odds, that was ever made on the continent of America.

It was the first time that the Indians of Port Orford had ever been whipped, usually killing more of the white men than they themselves had had killed. Here they had lost 25 warriors and not killed or captured a single white man. It was the old cannon that did the work. It was an en-

tirely new thing to them as they really thought that we were using thunder and lightning against them. The noise and the fearful execution done by the gun demoralized them. They were not only scared but they were terrified and the killing of their two big chiefs taught them that we were dangerous. I have often thought that our escape was due as much to their fear of us as to our good luck. I can look back over the long stretch of years and feel a generous pride that none of my party were killed.

I know not if any of my old comrades are living now. I was the youngest one in the party and I have passed my three score and ten. If any of them are living, "God's blessing on them;" if they have crossed the great Divide, then "Farewell."

Nearly all of the old pioneers of Oregon are gone. No braver, bigger-hearted, or truer set of pioneers ever blazed the way for the march of civilization than they who,

"Belonged to the legion that never were listed,
They carried no banner nor crest;
But, split in a thousand detachments,
Were breaking the ground for the rest."

My task is done, and I claim no other merit for these recollections than that of truth.

J. M. KIRKPATRICK.

DISCOVERY OF RICH GOLD FIELDS.

After much delay Captain Tichenor returned to Port Orford and found with dismay that there had been a battle with the Indians, and that the men he had left in charge were either killed or had escaped.

The Indians were finally subdued, and it was discovered that there was vast stretches of black sand on the beach, reaching from Coos Bay southward to Crescent City. These sands were permeated with fine particles of gold, and many fortunes were made with the "TOM" process; but the miners began to follow up the stream, believing that the gold found on the beach came from a mineral belt that existed in the mountains. Johnsons Creek, a stream heading at Sal-

mon Mountain, proved to be very rich, and coarse gold soon found its way into the miners' sack. The stream being only a few miles in length it was soon worked out, as the rush to that new Eldorado was great. After taking out many thousand dollars, the prospectors broke camp and started for other fields of promise. Had these adventurers gone three miles to the head of one of the branches of the stream and examined the foothills for quartz, they would have found mines that afterwards became noted for their vast wealth. In after years, while working on the side of Salmon Mountain in a placer mine, Mr. Dunbar uncovered ore or quartz that yielded wonderful results. One piece that weighed two hundred pounds yielded \$2,700 and other analysis showed a value as high as \$600 per ton. The placer mine thus worked yielded good results in coarse gold and amalgam, and besides ore of different grades were uncovered, but a forest fire sweeping over the mountain destroyed their three miles of flume and all other improvements that were of a nature susceptible to destruction.

The owners of this valuable property concluded to transfer it to more energetic hands, hence a company was formed, capitalizing at only \$50,000, 25,000 shares being placed on the market to enable the company to adopt improved methods so that the gold might be secured rapidly and at the least expense.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MINE.

The mine is known as Salmon Mountain Placer Mine and owned by the Salmon Mountain Coarse Gold Mining Company, their principal place of business being at Myrtle Point, Oregon, near Coos Bay. The company has 300 acres. It lays on the north slope of Salmon Mountain, situated near the county line dividing Coos and Curry counties in southwest Oregon. The mine is 30 miles from Myrtle Point, a thriving town situated at the head of navigation on the Coquille River, a stream that joins the Pacific Ocean 25 miles north of Port Orford. There is a line of steamers running between Coos Bay and San Francisco, and Myrtle Point is connected by railroad with Coos Bay, and a wagon road connects Myrtle Point with the mine.

REPORT OF THE U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEYOR AND MINERALOGIST, PORT ORFORD, OREGON, FOLIO No. 89, PUBLISHED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

"The Salmon Mountain Mine on the north slope of Salmon Mountain, at an elevation of 2,100 feet, is hydraulic, using water with nearly 200 feet head, brought across the divide from the upper part of Johnsons Creek. The cut is about 50 feet deep, the same in width, and 500 feet long, with a range of 200 feet in height. It is in rather fragmental material of igneous origin, except at the lower end, where Eocene shales and sandstone occur. Although closed at the present time, it has been worked during the rainy season at intervals for a number of years. When running under a good head the mine paid \$75 to \$100 a day and the gold is said to be rather uniformly distributed through the whole mass."

These facts have been set forth so that those who wish to make an investment in a very promising proposition can do so. It is confidently believed that this is as good and safe a field for such an enterprise as can be found and those contemplating such an investment should apply in person or by letter addressed to the Secretary of the company, Mr. Orvil Dodge, Myrtle Point, Oregon, and proper blanks will be furnished.

All of the stock offered is Treasury stock, and only so much will be sold as will be sufficient to equip the mine.

If you have a hundred or a thousand to invest you are face to face with an opportunity for rich returns that is little likely to occur again in your lifetime. If you want to act on this proposition, prompt, immediate subscription is the only sure way to secure the stock.

Following is an extract from a letter written by Hon. Binges Herman, ex-Commissioner of the General Land Office, and now a Member of Congress:

"I have known the Salmon Mountain Mine forty years at least, and have known of its great mineral wealth. I have known of large quantities of coarse gold having been extracted. * * * I know all of the people who constitute the ownership of this valuable property and know them to be men of integrity and responsibility in the community in which they reside. * * * I have confidence in the extent and richness of the Salmon Mountain Mine."

FIRST QUARTERLY REPORT TO THE STOCK-HOLDERS OF THE SAL-
MON MOUNTAIN COARSE GOLD MINING CO.

Principle place of business, Myrtle Point, Oreg.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of Oregon.)

DECEMBER 31, 1903.

The mine originally consisted of 8 placer claims, to which 4 more have been added. The company has recently secured 4 quartz claims, which have been developed while working the placer mine, they being on the same ground.

The assay of the quartz lodes thus found is officially reported by Professor Monroe, of the Columbian University, of Washington, D. C., as able to produce the following results:

Ore No. 1.....	\$268.88 per ton
Ore No. 2.....	243.50 per ton
Ore No. 3.....	600.80 per ton
Ore No. 4.....	8.03 per ton .

The samples thus analyzed were selected by persons not interested, and an affidavit of two men set forth the fact that they were fair and true samples of the mine.

The improvements on the mine now consist of 1 sawmill (water power), 1 giant, a blacksmith shop (well equipped), boarding house, large warehouse, 1 steam boiler and engine, eraster, 3 miles of flume, about 400 yards of sluice-boxes, picks, shovels, and other tools to work 10 men. There is about 1,500 feet of tunneling, that proves the value and extent of the mine to be excellent and a good investment.

During the last quarter the company have caused to be expended on the mine, preparing for large improvements, the sum of \$1,000, so they will be ready to put in the necessary machinery to equip the mine and have it in good working order by the 1st of next July, when a surprising dividend may be looked for, within the year.

As soon as shares are sold and a few thousand dollars are realized, a stamp mill will be placed on the premises and run night and day, in charge of an expert.

Several thousand more shares are being taken by persons

in Myrtle Point and vicinity, who personally know the value of the property.

As soon as operations are under way you will receive another report, which will be made quarterly thereafter.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS SALMON MOUNTAIN COARSE GOLD MINING COMPANY.

NAME.

P. O. ADDRESS.

B. FENTON, <i>President,</i>	Myrtle Point, Oreg.
JOHN J. CURREN, <i>First Vice-President,</i>	Myrtle Point, Oreg.
C. C. CARTER, <i>Second Vice-President,</i>	Myrtle Point, Oreg.
ORVIL DODGE, <i>Secretary,</i>	Myrtle Point, Oreg.
M. R. LEE, <i>Assistant Secretary,</i>	Myrtle Point, Oreg.
R. W. LUNDY, <i>Treasurer,</i>	Myrtle Point, Oreg.
T. M. HERMANN, <i>Corresponding Sec'y,</i>	Myrtle Point, Oreg.
NORMAN DODGE, <i>Engineer,</i>	Myrtle Point, Oreg.
STEPHEN GALLIER, <i>Sheriff of Coos Co.,</i>	Coquille City, Oreg.
E. GALLIER, <i>Deputy Sheriff of Coos Co.,</i>	Coquille City, Oreg.

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